

Mr. R I N D,

*Having troubled you lately with a political piece;
in order to make some amends to your readers in general,
I now send you a poetical one, which you are
welcome to publish, or not, as you think proper.*

I am your very humble servant, S. X.

A short POEM on HUNTING.

AT early dawn I leave a downy bed,
Before the sky is tinged o'er with red;
Aurora's blushes do but just appear,
If winds are silent, and the Heavens clear,
My boy is summon'd, and our steeds prepar'd,
The dogs uncoupled, and a hunt declar'd:
The well known signs they readily obey,
And joyful music to our ears convey;
With chearful notes they usher in the morn,
And drown the clangor of the sounding horn.
The sportsmen ready, and the julep o'er,
Which doctors storm at, and which some adore;
We soon are mounted, and direct our way,
To brusque the coverts where the foxes lay.
The sun then rising in majestic state,
With joy and gratitude our hearts elate,
We think with pleasure on the wish'd for chace,
Like lovers hasting to a dear embrace.
How vain that pleasure when compar'd with this?
The joy more lasting, and more pure the bliss;
Low sinks the mind when 'tis debas'd by love,
But this exalts it to the realms above.
Hunting and arms become a noble mind,
For noble spirits are to both inclin'd.
Lo! the proud courser rushes on to fights,
And, spurr'd with pleasure, in the chace delights.
Now let us next the various pack survey,
That issue gladly with the rising day:
Rockwood, and Mulic are the first in fame,
For running foxes, as their only game;
Rockwood, the sure, the humble, and the grand,
Pays due attention to a just command;
Brisk Lightfoot too, and Toper the demure,
And pug-nos'd Jolly, are forever sure.
Stately the tall, the surly and the proud,
Forever lively, and forever loud,
Erect she stands with lofty head and tail,
And pours her music down along the vale.
Others deserve but little praise or blame,
Of equal merit, and of equal fame.
Fleet Ranger, Piper, and young Lilly fair,
Delight in hunting every timid hare:
Lov'd Beauman too will in the fault be join'd,
Tho' just correction he is sure to find.
But Forrester, alas! now claims a place
In this memorial of the sylvan race;
When Forrester was out our ears would feel
A frequent trembling from a ringing peal;
A dog so eager, and of voice so strong,
He roar'd like thunder as he storm'd along;
And now lamented in the grave doth lie
Not all the Rockwoods can the loss supply.
Old Stranger opening, we are pleas'd to hear,
As all are certain that a fox is near:
While music sprightly thro' the covert winds,
And, prying nicely, in a tussock finds
The fox unkennell'd, what a joyful sound
Thro' the neighbouring woods is rung around,
And he, tho' cunning, on his speed relies,
And swift before us, as a greyhound, flies:
With nimble feet, and with a spring he bounds,
As if to say that he defy'd the hounds:
The hounds his stoutness and his sleetness try,
And sweetly follow in melodious cry.
The checker'd pack before, spread all in view,
With highest rapture we in haste pursue.
The giddy planters that have join'd the chace,
Thro' thick and thin, and with the swiftest pace,
Ride headlong o'er the stony hills and dales,
And sometimes plunge into the marshy vales:
They force thro' briars, and the rapid stream;
They ride like madmen, but like devils scream.
Not so the mild, and those advanc'd in age,
Calm and serene they in pursuit engage;
Enjoy the pleasure with a quiet mind,
And, safe from danger, gallop on behind.
O'er many an acre Reynard leads the way,
Until his spirits and his strength decay,
Then being tir'd, and his courage gone,
He stops to listen—but the dogs come on.
Away he skips, and to the glade he hies,
And shifts and windings thro' the thicket tries:
But hounds sagacious will his track explore
Thro' all the labyrinth he had made before.
He seeks the water, and he skims the plain,
His art is needless, and his heels are vain.